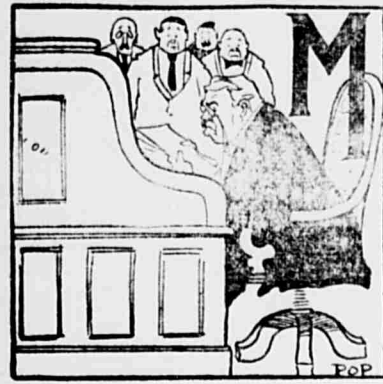




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BRING OUT REAL FACTS.



AYOR McCLELLAN'S investigators say that they have almost completed their inquiry into the Parker Building fire. In fact they have not yet begun.

The investigators called Fire Commissioner Lantry, Fire Chief Croker, a Deputy Chief, Battalion Chiefs, foremen and firemen. To testify to what? That the hose burst and there was not enough water pressure.

Every newspaper in New York printed this the morning after the fire. Everybody knew it. No one disputed it. What occasion was there to spend a week having it testified to?

The investigators purpose now to prepare a tabulation of the hose bought and the lengths that have burst. What is the use of this when the fire underwriters did it in a 15-page pamphlet which in accuracy, fullness and terseness the Commissioners of Accounts cannot expect to excel?

What should be thoroughly investigated is not why the hose burst. Everybody knows it burst because it was rotten, but why was it rotten and why was the water pressure weak?

Mayor McClellan has had three Fire Commissioners—Hayes, O'Brien and Lantry. Hayes bought hose from the Windsor Fire Appliance Company, as he says, under protest, and in view of the "peculiar circumstances." The Windsor hose burst and O'Brien, who was then Commissioner, did not compel its replacement. Fire Chief Croker testifies that he notified all three commissioners that the hose was rotten and would not stand a test.



The only man who admits that he was in the Windsor Fire Appliance Company is M. Francis Loughman. He says that he bought the hose from a Trenton company and sold it to the Fire Department at a profit. After he had been paid by the city the Windsor Fire Appliance Company vanishes.

Commissioner O'Brien, who had in the meantime transferred from the Fire to the Water Department, then appointed M. Francis Loughman his deputy. The man who sold the rotten hose and now owes the city for 116 lengths which burst is by appointment of Commissioner O'Brien drawing a salary from the city. The least thing Commissioner O'Brien could do would be to hold Loughman's salary to pay for the burst hose.

Did nobody except M. Francis Loughman profit from the hose sale? Who were the other people? It is easy to find out how much Loughman paid the Trenton Company, and the city's records show what he received.

Why do not Mayor McClellan's investigators call M. Francis Loughman and inquire into the Windsor Fire Appliance Company and make him account for its profits?

Why do they not subpoena the dummy Catskill water option owners and find out who the real parties in interest there are?

Suppose that by any chance some of the men behind the Catskill dummies were interested in the Windsor Fire Appliance Company.

A bad water supply would be a short-sighted politician's way of justifying the Esopus water scheme. Also the lower the water pressure the less hose will burst.

Here is something really worth investigating, and the details of which neither the fire underwriters nor any newspaper has printed.

Mayor McClellan's Commissioners of Accounts should bring out these facts.

Letters from the People.

Stammering.
To the Editor of the Evening World:
Look you I am stammering. I'm fifteen years of age and almost six feet tall. What will check my growth? N. D.
Stammering is a nervous affection and can usually be cured by building up the general health. Take all the outdoor exercise you can; join some good gymnasium; avoid tobacco, liquor and all dissipation; sleep ten hours a night in a well-ventilated room; eat plenty of wholesome food. Force yourself to speak with extreme slowness, pronounce each syllable deliberately. There is no harmless way to check growth; nor should you wish to.

Hard High School Studies.
To the Editor of the Evening World:
The correspondent is right when he says that the studies in the high schools are much more difficult than they used to be. Every term they seem to me to impose greater conditions which the student must meet. Even those who work in their work, who study diligently are anxious over the question, "Shall I pass the exams?" Then comes the real question: Besides the regular gym period one is expected to follow people to be loyal to his school—to represent it in athletic or to attend games. One

Well! Well! Something for Nothing!

By Maurice Ketten.



Those Patent Leather Shoes With Corduroy Tops to Match Gowns Are Quite De Rigueur; and It's So Easy to Keep 'Em Clean—Take a Cab!

By Roy L. McCardell.



ROY L. MCCARDELL

"What's the matter with you?" asked Mr. Jarr, anxiously.
An expression of deep anxiety sat upon Mrs. Jarr's classic brow. Ever and anon she started nervously and clutched Mr. Jarr's arm as they walked along. Her step was halting and peculiar. Now and then she took a long stride, but for the most part she minced along like a gelsa girl in a musical comedy.
"There's nothing the matter," answered Mrs. Jarr. "I'm all right." And just then Mr. Jarr stepped into a small puddle of slush and Mrs. Jarr screamed.
"There's something wrong!" said Mr. Jarr, coming to a halt. "What is it?"
"Oh," moaned Mrs. Jarr, "it's all right for the rich, who have accounts and don't mind how they run them up, or who are wasteful and extravagant, or who have their own carriages or electric broughams, but for people as poor as we are it's a sin and a shame!"
"Now, look here," said Mr. Jarr. "I haven't done a single thing, and don't you accuse me of anything, either!"
Mrs. Jarr paid little or no attention to his remarks, her mind being concentrated on troubles of her own.
"Maybe it would have been cheaper to call a cab," she said, "but riding in cabs always did seem a senseless extravagance to me. Of course, we could live on a street that had a car line or was near the subway or elevated road, but I'm so afraid of the children getting run over. And, anyway, I'm sure I don't often indulge myself, and I did so want them. Every other woman I know has them!"
"What ARE you talking about?" asked Mr. Jarr. "Here I come home and take you out to a musicale, and goodness knows I didn't want to go, and you seemed so pleased, and now you are walking like a lady with wooden legs and raving, fairly raving!"
"I am not raving," said Mrs. Jarr, "but if the tops get spotty they are

spoiled, and it costs as much to renew them as getting a new pair almost."
"Are you talking about your new shoes?" asked Mr. Jarr.
"Yes, I am," replied the good lady. "You didn't notice them, you never notice anything I get or wear, but they are a pair of the very latest fad—patent leathers, with corduroy tops to match my 'London fog' velvet. I had a nice dress," she continued plaintively, "and the children are growing up, and in a few years there won't be money enough to dress them well and dress me well too, not that I am dressed well now, and not that it doesn't take every cent I can spare to get things for them!"
"Oh, that's easy enough for you to say," said Mrs. Jarr, "that you are so solicitous for your spotless new pair of shoes! Well, a new pair of shoes costs no more than hiring a cab, so what care you?"
"Oh, they don't, don't they?" said Mrs. Jarr. "Well, I'd have you know that these shoes with the corduroy tops cost \$12! Now, don't you go saying a word about it, either! It isn't often I indulge myself, but I did want a pair of shoes to match my best dress, and now this hateful old snow and slush comes along, and I know they are just ruined! Oh, dear, what shall I do?"
"Why didn't you say something?" asked Mr. Jarr. "I'd have gotten a cab. Anything to make you happy."
"Oh, that's easy enough for you to say," said Mrs. Jarr, "but I feel as if I had spent so much money on the shoes—that's how I am, worrying over every cent I spend on myself—that I couldn't think of a cab!"
"You've been thinking of one ever since we've started out," said Mr. Jarr. "That's because you've been leading me right through every mud puddle we've come to," said Mrs. Jarr, peevishly. "But that's always the way; everything happens just to worry me! Here was the weather just beautiful till I bought the shoes, and now look how it is!"
By this time they reached the subway, and when they got out at their station downtown Mr. Jarr hailed a cab and Mrs. Jarr and he arrived in state at the musicale. Mr. Jarr also arranged for a cab the whole way back, despite Mrs. Jarr's protests, and they arrived home with the shoes unspoiled.
"But I tell you what it is," said Mrs. Jarr, half wearily, "one extravagance only leads to another. I suppose I'll have to have a cab every time I wear these shoes now, and that \$4 it cost us would have paid half for another pair I'd like to have to match my Dresden blue!"

Miss Lonely Picks a Policeman for Her Mr. Man.

By F. G. Long.



The Story of the Operas

By Albert Payson Terhune.

NO. 23—WAGNER'S "TANNHAUSER."

THE German minstrel knight Tannhauser, in a moment of temptation, left the music-loving court of his lord, the Landgrave of Thuringia, and sought the mountain grotto of the enchantress Venus. Allured by her charms, he remained there a whole year, forgetting in dissipation the high resolves and noble life of former days. At last, wearying of the enchantress, his better nature asserted itself. He declared his intent to return to the outer world. Venus pleaded in vain, and exerted all her magic wiles to detain him. But the knight in despair cried aloud on the name of the Virgin for aid.



As he spoke the holy name the grotto vanished and Tannhauser found himself kneeling in a beautiful valley, with spring sunlight pouring down upon him. As he still knelt, thanking God for his deliverance, the Landgrave and a party of his minstrel knights drew near on the way home from a hunting trip. One of these knights, Wolfram von Esenbach, an old and dear friend of the wanderer, recognized Tannhauser. The others crowded about him in warm greeting. To their inquiries he replied that he had been upon a long journey. The Landgrave begged him to return to court, but Tannhauser, deeming himself unworthy, refused. Wolfram drew him aside and whispered that the absentee's former sweetheart, Elizabeth, beautiful daughter of the Landgrave, was still grieving for him. These tidings revived the old love for Elizabeth in Tannhauser's heart and he gladly consented to join the Landgrave and to become again one of his knights.

In honor of Tannhauser's return a grand song contest was planned, the prize victory being Elizabeth's hand in marriage. The girl, overjoyed at seeing her lover once more, eagerly awaited his certain triumph. The theme chosen for the contest was "Love." Wolfram was first to sing. He chanted of pure affection and oblivious adoration. The knights applauded his noble song, but Tannhauser sneered at its lofty sentiments. While the assembly listened in dismay the newly returned wanderer (the spell of Venus momentarily possessing him again) smote his harp and burst into a wild, impious song extolling not the love that lifts his possessor to heaven, but that which degrades to the dust. He ended with an ardent appeal to Venus the enchantress.

The horrified spectators cried out that he had been at Venus's grotto and was still her victim. The knights would have slain him but that the half-avenging Elizabeth threw herself between Tannhauser and their threatening swords. Her heart-broken appeal to the indignant minstrels brought Tannhauser back to his senses. He realized too late the fearful admission he had made and the wealth of pure love he had scorned. Madly he prayed to Heaven for pardon, Elizabeth joining in his prayer. The Landgrave, quieting the tumult, sternly banished Tannhauser from court and bade him seek divine forgiveness by making a penitential pilgrimage to Rome, where to implore the Pope to absolve him from his black sin.

A year passed. As each party of pilgrims returning from Rome passed through her father's domain Elizabeth scanned them closely in hope of seeing her lost lover. Her days and nights were spent in prayer for the sinning wanderer's soul. Little by little she pined away until she was scarce more than a shadow. Wolfram, who loved her with silent, unselfish devotion, watched in anguish her steady decline. One evening, as the good near the shrine where Elizabeth went to pray, a stranger in pilgrim robes accosted Wolfram. It was Tannhauser. In despair the pilgrim told how he had implored the Pope for pardon, and how His Holiness declared so great a sin could no more be forgiven than could the papal staff of office put forth green leaves. Hopeless, the accursed knight had come back to Germany, planning to return forevermore to Venus's grotto, there to seek forgetfulness, since all earthly and heavenly hope was barred to him. Despite Wolfram's remonstrances, Tannhauser forthwith invoked the presence of the enchantress. In answer to his call Venus appeared before the wanderer in all her allurements, summoning him once more to her side.

As Tannhauser rushed forward to embrace the enchantress the sound of a dirge fell upon his ear. A funeral procession was approaching. In its midst was borne the body of Elizabeth. Tannhauser halted, grief-stricken.

Just then a band of pilgrims passed by, chanting of a miracle which had just been wrought in Rome. The Pope's barren staff had blossomed forth into luxuriant leaves.

Tannhauser heard and knew he was forgiven. For had not His Holiness said pardon for him was as impossible as that the staff could put forth leaves?

Venus in vain sought now to lure him to her. With a cry of "Holy Elizabeth, pray for me!" the repentant and redeemed knight fell dead across the bier of the woman who had died for him.

The story of Rosini's "Barber of Seville" will be published Saturday.

Romantic Crystal-Gazing.

By Andrew Lang.

HAVING satisfied myself that some people really would see hallucinatory pictures in a glass ball, or in water, I examined the ethnological side of the question. I found by studying works of travel and anthropology that many savage and barbarous races gaze into water, polished basalt, rock crystals and so on for the purpose of seeing distant events, forecasting the future, detecting criminals and so forth. It does not seem to me credible that many and so widely separated peoples should agree with ancient Greeks and the races of Western Europe in staring away if they did not see hallucinatory pictures. So I believe that some people do see them; nor is this fact now denied by professors of psychology.

I have never been able to foresee from character, complexion, habit of mind and other indications what persons would prove capable of describing even fancy pictures in a glass ball. The best gazers of my acquaintance (those who hit on pictures coincidental with actual events unknown to them, or with the secret thoughts of a companion) are people of then not unfamiliar with other curious experiences. But I have tried with the glass ball two or three other friends, who have seen what are vulgarly called "ghosts" in haunted houses, and in the glass ball they can see nothing, while people who never saw ghosts do see "coincidental" pictures in a glass ball.

If any readers care to make experiments they can begin by purchasing a ball, or, of course, a glass jug of water will do, or even a teaspoonful of ink in some cases, but both are inconvenient and may spill. Having got the ball, it is best to go alone into a room, sit down with the back to the light, place the ball at a just focus in the lap on a dark dress or a dark piece of cloth, try to exclude reflections, think of anything you please, and stare for five minutes, say, at the ball. That is all. If after two or three trials you see nothing in the way of pictures in the ball you will probably never succeed.—Gleinnati Commercial-Tribune.

London the Place to Dine.

By Thomas A. Janvier.

MONEY for money, London is far ahead of New York (it is out of sight ahead of Paris) as a middle-class dining-place. With the half-guinea ordinaries no parallel can be instituted; our prices do not go that high. The seven-and-six ordinaries we can meet on even terms—I think that we can give them odds, writes Thomas A. Janvier, in Harper's. But I know of only one restaurant in New York where for seventy-five cents (the test is not quite accurate) can be had a dinner fairly comparable in quality with the three-and-six dinners which may be had at a round score of restaurants in London; and class with the dinners to be had at half a dozen queer little cribs in Soho for eighteen pence—though I will admit that if you are a lucky eater you may have to eat two of those eighteen-pence dinners at one sitting really to get your fill. Wine is not included in these lower prices—in the higher prices it sometimes is, and you drink it at your peril—but even in Soho, if you are careful, and at pretty much all the three-and-six ordinaries, by exercising no more than a reasonable discretion, you can get an unpretentious sound wine for a price in keeping with the price of the food.

King Alfonso's Love Poem.

HERE is a love poem by no less a person than King Alfonso XIII. of Spain. According to the Spanish source from which it was procured, it was composed some years ago, previous to the time when Princess Ena consented to become Mrs. Alfonso. It is printed in the current Harper's Weekly:

STRICKEN by thy disdain am I,
Yet in my sorrow feel the truth
Which tells me I can mount the sky.
Reck I little of the smile that lies
Upon thy lips, nor th' enslaving glance
Within thy black resplendent eyes!
Triumph shall come! Who cares if fate
Has carpeted the way with bombs
And growls her thistles at my gate?
Ena, for thee alone doth beat
My heart; and if I may not be
Thy Faust, be thou my Marguerite.